



American Song Book

Souvenir
Hotel Majestic
Philadelphia



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America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King.

Hail, Columbia

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won;

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost,

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm—united—let us be.

Rally round our liberty;

As a band of brothers join'd,

Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!

Let Washington's great name

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Let every clime, to freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear;

With equal skill and god-like power,

He governed in the fearful hour

Of horrid war, or guides with ease,

The happier times of honest peace.

—Chorus.

Red, White and Blue

O, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
—Chorus.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill it up to the brim;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
—Chorus.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!

The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!

The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his royal brow,

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship, on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!

Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!

And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the
grave,

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the
grave,

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the
grave,

His soul goes marching on!

CHORUS

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,

On the grave of old John Brown.

—Chorus.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
Lord,

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
Lord,

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
Lord,

His soul is marching on.

—Chorus.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
back,

His soul is marching on.

—Chorus.

The Old Oaken Bucket

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to
view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled
wildwood,

And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that
stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract
fell ;

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the
well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the
well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
fell,

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflow-
ing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-
ceive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habita-
tion,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the
well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the
well.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

In the prison cell I sit,

Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes

Spite of all that I can do,

Though I try to cheer my comrades and be
gay.

CHORUS

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
—Chorus.

So, within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once
more.
—Chorus.

You're a Grand Old Flag

There's a feeling comes a stealing and it sets
my brain a-reeling,
When I'm listening to the music of a military
band.
Any tune like "Yankee Doodle" simply sets
me off my noodle,
It's that patriotic something that no one can
understand.
"Way down South in the land of cotton," melody untiring,—Ain't that inspiring!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll join the jubilee,
And that's going some for the Yankees, by
gum!
Red, White and Blue, I am for you,
Honest you're a grand old flag.

CHORUS

You're a grand old flag tho' you're torn to a rag,
And forever in peace may you wave,
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true under Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag;
"But should auld acquaintance be forgot,"
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

I'm no cranky, hanky panky,
I'm a dead square honest Yankee,
And I'm mighty proud of that old flag that
flies for Uncle Sam,
Though I don't believe in raving every time I
see it waving
There's a chill runs up my back that makes
me glad I'm what I am.
Here's a land with a million soldiers, that's if
we should need 'em,
We'll fight for freedom!
Hurrah! Hurrah! For every Yankee Tar
And old G. A. R., every stripe, ev'ry star,
Red, White and Blue, Hats off to you,
Honest, you're a grand old flag. —Chorus.

Battle-Cry of Freedom.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally
once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally from
the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East
and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we
loved the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—Chorus.

Dixie's Land

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll took my stand
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Willdeweaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
Look away, Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land. —Chorus.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab'er;
Look away, Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted the foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land. —Chorus.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away, Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,

Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land. —Chorus.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;

Look away, Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land. —Chorus.

Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'ers with the just,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Though thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

We're Tenting Tonight

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp
ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the
hand,
And the tear that said "good bye!"—Chorus.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long. —Chorus.

We've been fighting today on the old camp
ground,
Many are lying near ;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease ;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, Dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground.

Yankee Doodle

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Good'in,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David ;
And what they wasted every day,
I wisht it could be saved. —Chorus.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million. —Cho.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get
To give to my Jemima. —Chorus.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle. —Chorus.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder. —Chorus.

And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together. —Chorus.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't. —Chorus.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races. —Cho.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.
—Chorus.

The Yankee Doodle Boy

I'm the kid that's all the candy,
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
I'm glad I am,—
(So's Uncle Sam.)
I'm a real live Yankee Doodle,
Made my name and fame and boodle,
Just like Mr. Doodle did, by riding on a pony.
I love to listen to the Dixey strain,
"I long to see the girl I left behind me;"
And that ain't a josh,
She's a Yankee, by gosh.
(Oh, say, can you see—
Anything about a Yankee that's a phoney?)

CHORUS

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A Yankee Doodle, do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's,
Born on the Fourth of July.
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's my Yankee Doodle joy,
Yankee Doodle came to London,
Just to ride the ponies;
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy.
Father's name was Hezekiah,
Mother's name was Ann Maria,
Yanks through and through,
(Red, White and Blue.)
Father was so Yankee hearted,
When the Spanish war was started,
Heslipped on his uniform and hopped upon a pony.
My mother's mother was a Yankee true,
My father's father was a Yankee too;
And that's going some,
For the Yankees, by gum.
(Oh, say can you see—
Anything about my pedigree that's phoney?)
—Chorus.

Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay;
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

CHORUS

All the world am dark and dreary ,
Everywhere I roam,
O darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see the bees a humming,
All round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo thrumming,
Down in my good old home?

—Chorus.

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;
The corntops ripe and the meadow in the
bloom,
While the birds make music all the day ;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by "Hard Times" comes a knocking at the
door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the
coon

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to
part,

Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

—Chorus.

The head must bow and the back will have to
bend,

Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the heavy load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days will we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

—Chorus.

Old Black Joe

Gone are the days when my heart was young
and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cotton fields
away;

Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling

"Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling,
"Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no
pain?

Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,

I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe!" —Chorus.

Where are the hearts once so happy and so
free?

The children dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to
go,

I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe!" —Chorus.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
last gleaming?

Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the peril-
ous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal-
lantly streaming;

And the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in
air,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was
still there!

CHORUS

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of
brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-
ing steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
closes?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the
stream.

CHORUS

'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh, long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home and the war's deso-
lation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n
rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave;
While the land of the free is the home of the
brave!

Marching Through Georgia.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing
another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world
along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand
strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the
joyful sound;
How the turkeys gobbled which our commis-
sary found;
How the sweet potatoes even started from the
ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.
—Chorus.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and
her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the
main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in
vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.
—Chorus.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

Babylon is Fallen

Don't you see de black clouds rising ober
yonder,
Whar de masa's old plantation am?
Nebber you be frightened; dem is only darkeys
Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

CHORUS

Look out dar, now! we's a-gwine to shoot!
Look out dar! don't you understand?
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
An' we's gwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see de lightnin' flashin' in de cane-
brake,
Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?
No; you is mistaken—'t is de darkeys' bay'nets,
An' de buttons on dar uniform. —Chorus.

Just Before the Battle, Mother.

Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking
most of you,
While upon the field we're watching, with
the enemy in view—
Comrades brave around me lying, filled with
tho'ts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow some
will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS

Farewell, mother, you may never press me to
your heart again,
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother, if I'm
numbered with the dead.

When This Cruel War is Over

Dearest love, do you remember, when we last
did meet,
How you told me that you loved me, kneel-
ing at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me, in your
suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country ever to
be true.

CHORUS

Weeping, sad and lonely, hopes and fears, how
vain!
When this cruel war is over, praying that we
meet again.

I'm the Girl That's Gay and Happy

I'm the girl that's gay and happy,
Wheresoe'er I chance to be,
And I'll do my best to please you,
If you will but list to me;
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still.

CHORUS

So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.

I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I ne'er despise,
Let me be content and healthy,
And the boon I'll dearly prize;
So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still. —Chorus.

The rich have cares we little know of,
All that glitters is not gold,
Merit seldom made a show of,
And true worth is rarely told;
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still. —Chorus.

If the President should sit beside me,
I'd sing my song with usual glee,
Fools might laugh and knaves deride me,
Still I'd gay and happy be;
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still. —Chorus.

I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those that do well need not fear,
I love a man and like a woman,
What else makes this life so dear;
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still. —Chorus.

Rainbow

While the rain was softly falling in a forest
glade,
Beyond the prairies far away,
Beneath a palm tree, so they say,
There stood an Indian chief one day,
There he spied a pretty maiden of a copper
shade,
And as he gazed she dropped her head,
To hide her cheek with blushes red,
While these sweet words he said:

CHORUS

Come be my Rainbow, my pretty Rainbow,
My heart beguile, give me a smile
Once in a while.
In rain or sunshine, my Rainbow,
Keep your love-light aglow,
I love you so, my sweet Rainbow.

Just Our Style

(Adapted.)

If you ask us why we love you,
We will ask you if you know
Why the tiny stars above you
Nightly shine upon us so.
There is something in your manner,
There is something in your smile,
There is something seems to tell us
You are just our style.

Honey Boy

Must you really sail away, my Honey Boy?
Must you go? Don't you know,
When your ship sails down the bay, my Honey
Boy,
I'll be true, my Honey Boy, to you?
For I love you best of all, my Honey Boy.
Don't sigh; time will fly.
When you're on the deep blue sea,
Try and think sometimes of me.
I'll be waiting anxiously, Honey Boy.

CHORUS

Honey Boy, I hate to see you leaving,
Honey Boy, you know my heart is grieving,
When you are sailing,
Sailing o'er the sea, Honey Boy, Honey Boy;
And if ever you should take a notion
To come sailing home across the ocean,
Honey dear, never fear,
I'll be waiting, waiting, waiting for you, Honey
Boy.

Love Me, and the World is Mine.

I wandered on as in a dream,
My goal a paradise must be,
For there an angel waits, 'twould seem
Yet lo, dear heart, 'tis only thee.
Suns may shine to light my way, dear,
Wealth be mine for aye, dear;
Queens may pledge their riches, too;
Yet the world would still be lonely,
With such virtues only,
Life to me, dear, means just you.

CHORUS

I care not for the stars that shine,
I dare not hope to e'er be thine.
I only know I love you;
Love me, and the world is mine.

School Days

Nothing to do, Nellie, darling,
Nothing to do you say.
Let's take a trip on memory's ship,
Back to the bygone days.
Sail to the old village school house,
Anchor outside the school door,
Look in and see, there's you and there's me,
A couple of kids once more.

CHORUS

School days, school days, dear old golden rule
days,
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick;
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, I love you, Joe,
When we were a couple of kids.

A Stein Song

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn nighttime into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song
ringing clear.

CHORUS

For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song
ringing clear.

I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark

"Jonesie" married Mabel, a wise old owl was
he,
He told his wife he never drank a stronger
thing than tea,
But after honeymooning at night he stayed
away,
And for a week he never got home till the
break of day,
At last poor Mabel asked the reason why,
Said Jones, "I'm goin' to tell the truth or die."

CHORUS

Baby dear, (sh) listen here,
I'm afraid to come home in the dark;
Ev'ry day the papers say a robbery in the park,
So I sat alone in the Y. M. C. A. singing just
like a lark,
There's no place like home,
But I couldn't come home in the dark.

Harrigan

Who is the man who will spend or will even
lend?

Harrigan, that's me;

Who is your friend when you find that you
need a friend?

Harrigan, that's me;

For I'm just as proud of my name, you see,
As an emperor, czar or a king could be;

Who is the man helps a man every time
he can?

Harrigan, that's me.

CHORUS

H-A- double R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan,
Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me;

Divil a man can say a word agin me.

H-A- double R-I-G-A-N, you see,

Is a name that a shame never has been con-
nected with.

Harrigan, that's me!

Kingdom Coming

Say, darkies, hab you seen old massa

Wid de muffstash on his face,

Go 'long de road some time dis mornin'

Like he gwine to leave de place?

He seen a smoke, 'way up de ribber,

Whar de Linkum gunboats lay!

He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden

An' I 'spec' he's run away!

CHORUS

De massa run? ha! ha!

De darkey stay? ho! ho!

It mus' be now de kingdom comin',

An' de year ob Jubilo!

It mus' be now de kingdom comin',

An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,
An' he weighs tree hundred pound;
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go halfway round.
He drill so much, dey call him "Cap'n,"
An' he get so drefful tanned,
I 'spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.

Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground

Round de meadows am a-ringing
The darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dere old massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS

Down in de cornfield, hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkeys am a-weeping, massa's in de
cold, cold ground.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Holy love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Pennsylvania

Official Song of the Keystone State

Tho' we may go across the sea,
Far from Columbia's gates,
Our first allegiance is to thee,
Our own United States;
And while we name the land we love,
How gladly we shall tell,
The glory of the story of
The State we love so well.

CHORUS

Pennsylvania! Pennsylvania!
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State!
To thee we raise our song.
To thee our hearts belong.
Pennsylvania! Pennsylvania!
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State!

'Twas by the silvery Delaware,
The Nation had its birth,
When North and South join hands to dare
The strongest power of earth;
And loud, from Independence Hall,
The Bell of Liberty
Proclaimed to all the world the fall,
Of foreign tyranny.—Chorus.

The Union's safety on the sea,
Its wealth and power on land,
Oh Pennsylvania, is of thee
Comes from thy lavish hand,
Along the Allegheny's tide
Thy heart of steel is won;
And from thy side the warships glide,
Thy coal shall drive them on.—Chorus.

From Valley Forge's ice and snow,
To Gettysburg's red field—
Tho' centuries may come and go,
And battle wounds are healed—
None truer fought on land or sea,
None braver faced the guns,
To die for thee, Land of the Free,
Than Pennsylvania's Sons.—Chorus.

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Majestic Tipperary

I'm in love with a slip of a tip, tip, typical Tipperary
miss,
She's a regular clip, with a rosy lip that you'd dearly
love to kiss.
From the tip of her toes to the tip, tip, top of her nose
I love her so,
I'd like to just take her and squeeze her, I know it
wouldn't displease her.
But she lives in Tipperary, many miles away from here.
If I could just meet her, to see her and greet her,
I'm thinking I'd eat her—the little dear;
But she's many miles away from here and I'll wait I fear,
Till I take a notion and sail o'er the ocean to Ireland.

CHORUS

Faith it's me that's nearly crazy,
For me Tipperary daisy
All the day me heart's "unaisy"
Sure the thing I find that's on me mind
Is the darlin' girl I left behind,
Far off in dear old Tipperary.

Now I'll give ye a tip when I board the ship with me
grip to trip away :
I'll be there with a yell when they ring the bell and I'll
shout "hip-hip-hooray !"
Then the whistle will toot and away we'll shoot with a
toot-toot down the bay,
I'll wave a good-bye when we're sailin', from over the
top of the railin';
Then across the briny ocean to the tiny Em'rald Isle.
I'd give me last penny, if I hadn't any, begorry, or
many to see her smile
As she used to when she sat ferninst me down beside the
stile ;
But I was a rover bedad, and came over from Ireland.

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